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VOL. VI.

HARTFORD, KY., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1894.

NO. 27.

Mothers

need a powerful nourishment in food when nursing babies or they are apt to suffer from Emaciation.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites of lime and soda, nourishes mothers speedily back to health and makes their babies fat and chubby. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Babies

are never healthy when thin. They ought to be fat. Bables cry for SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is palatable and easy to assimilate.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. Druggists sell it.

THE TEACHERS MEAN.

[BY W. H. VENABLE.]

And not a sound was heard around-

Bowed 'neath a yoke of care he spoke

The weary teacher sat alone

The weary teacher sat alone,

In sad soliloquy.

While twilight gathered on:

The boys and girls are gone.

Unnerved and pale was he;

Another round, another round

Of labor thown away, Another chain of toil and pain

'Of no avail is constant zeal,

Each evening into dross.

'I squander on a barren field

My strength my life, my all;

The seeds I sow will never grow, They perish where they fall."

He sighed, and low upon his hands

His aching brow he pressed;

A soothing sense of rest.

And then he lifted up his face,

But started back agest-

Assumed proportions vast

It seemed a Senate Hall, and one

Addressed a listening throng;

Applause rose loud and long.

The speaker's voice and look, "And for his name," said he.

The stately Senate-hall dissolved,

Wherein there stood a man of Gorl,

And though he spoke in solems tone

And though his hair was gray, The teacher's thought was strangely

The church, a phantasm, vanished

"I whipped that boy to-day."

What saw the teacher then?

An author plied his pen.

In classic gloom of alcoven room

'My idlest lad." the teacher'said.

Shall I behold his name enrolled

A mother's face illumed the place.

This matron, well I know, Was but a wild and careless child.

Her lips repeat in accents sweet,

Upon the wall did darkness fall,

Then paced along the floor,

Of peace and trust and praise:

Said, "After many days,"

The evening air was cold.

My words to her at school.'

And when she to her children speaks

The scene was changed again and lo

The school-house, rude and old;

'A dream!" the sleeper, waking said,

And, whistled slow and soft and low.

He locked the school-house door.

HANDLING THE STUFF.

sylvania Railroad.

He Found Dynamite Cartridges to the

Smoking Car-What Happened to

a Miner Who Stumbled

I was winding in and out among

the hills of Pennsylvania on a rail-

road train when seized with a de-

sire to smoke. The smoking car

was an ordinary one, and about

half-filled with men in blouse and

overalls, smoking clay pipes. When

I selected a seat I found a leather

bag on the floor and gently kicked

it out of the way. It moved in a grudging way and I sat down and

put my feet on it. I had smoked

my eigar about half up when one of

the miners, having finished his pipe,

knocked the ashes out, lounged over

"I wouldn't bear down too hard

"Yes; I wouldn't kick around too

"Got some tools in there you are

"Great Scott, man, but you don't

"Yes, it's dynamite," he quietly

observed, as he sat down beside me

and reached for the bag. "I sup-

pose you've seen it put up in car-

tridges before now? You know how

we use 'em? I believe they cutimate

to me, and said:

heavy on It."

mean to say-"

on the stuff, mister."

afraid may get broken, eh?'

"We call it dynamite, sir!"

"Oh! the bag?"

and Vell.

Filled with a new surpri e-

Among the great and wise?"

The vision of a cottage home

The teacher now descried;

Her influence sanctified

'A miracle! a miracle!

Not half an hour ago.

Of duty's golden rule,

A church rose in its place.

Dispensing words of grace.

Is in my record book."

wrought:

Each burning word all bosoms stirred.

The wildered teacher thought be know

change.

Love's sacrifice is lost,

Dragg ed through a tedius day.

The hopes of morn, so golden, turn,

Cotton Belt Route (St. Louis Southwestern Ry.) —то—

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that each of these ten cartridges has the force of-"

"Don't take them out!" I yelled, shrinking as far away from him as

ponsible. "Of course, sir, but there is no oceasion for alarm. I've been handling dynamite in all shapes and forms for the last fifteen years and never had an accident. You must have concundon to explode one of these, sir, and who's going to tap this one with a basamer, or fire it out of the window against a rock?"

"But be careful not to drop it on the floor. Ugh! Is there any more of the stuff in this car?"

"Quite a tidy bit of it, sir. There's twelve men of us, and I guess we could scare up about a hundred cartridges like these if you wanted to see them."

"No! No! I'll be thankful enough if I get clear of your ten without being blown through the roof. How much rock, for instance, would one of those cartridges bring down?"

"How much rock? Well, that would be according to the lay of things. If it was a cliff, with a goodly overhang to it, and this cartridge was placed just right, the downfall would be enough to build a fine, large warehouse with a few carloads of small pieces left over for muking pavement. If it was plumb up and down cliff without any seams or erevices, and the stone was hard and tough, a few pieces weighing 200 pounds or so would be all you could reasonably expect. It's beautiful stuff, sir, beautiful, and the man who invented it was a genius." "But you are digging your own heels into that bag!" I shouted, as he moved his hob-nailed boots around without the slightest care. "So I was, sir, but as long as

there was no explosion no harm has been done. It's agin the law to throw dynamite cartridges from a car window or I'd give you an exhibition worth seeing. The good old days seem to have passed away." "What do you mean by the good

Ando'erhis frame ere long there came old days?" "Why, the time when one could fling one of these things out of the window and make a hole in a ledge The room by strange and sudden large enough for the den of a bear. What brought out a law agin it was the mistake made by a near-sighted man. He threw a

cartridge at a ledge which he supposed was all of thirty feet away, while it wasn't actually over eight. The result was that a piece of rock weighing one hundred pounds tirst passenger couch. smashed its way in, and I believe a man and his wife were killed. They had poor Jim in jail for a year, and everybody cussed his eyes instead of feeling sorry that they had deceived him. That's why they passed the law, sir, and I'm afraid the good old days will never return. This

"You've seen people killed by the stuff, I suppose?" I said as he played with cartridge as if it were a

can no longer be called the land of

"Well, onet a piece of rock weighing two hundred and fifty pounds scruped my cap off as it flew along to strike my partner in the breast, but I didn't exactly see him die, you know. He died—oh, yes. The foreman said that if poor Ned had been struck by the Pittsburgh city hall he couldn't have died any faster nor been in worse shape to gather up. As to about a dozen others, I've seen 'em standing on a particular spot, been knocked down myself by the concussion, and reached my feet again to find a hole in the ground broad enough and deep enough to bury a span of horses in. The persons had vanished. I can't say whether they went up or down, though we sometimes did find evidences in the treetops to show that they mostly went up."

"How horrible to be wiped off the face of the earth in that manner!" "Well, it's better than being smothered in a coal mine or run over by a train of cars. Did you ever see the big hole in the ground over at

Fox Hill?" And walking home, his heart was full "No. "That's a place worth seeing, sir. And singing slow and soit and low, There were fourteen miners in the party, I believe. . They were carrying a lot of dynamite and sat down to rest and smoke. One of them built a fire to roast some chestnuts A Traveler's Experience on a Penuand it is supposed a stick of dynamite came in contact with it."

"Why supposed?" "Because there was none of the fourteen left to explain matters, you see. One instant there were thirteen men enjoying their pipes about a this point as follows: fire in the woods whilst the fourteenth was shoving chestnuts into the fire. In the next there was a boom -bang-earthquake which rattled the windows ten miles away, and people reached the spot to find a hole in the ground twenty-one feet

ong, eisteen feet deep and fourteen "The grave of all!" "Well, hardly. There was no need of a grave. I believe they found some fragments half a mile away in a tree top, but not enough worth burying."

"And have you no fear of such a destroyer?"

"Not the slightest. It's beautiful stuff, as I said before-much nicer and cleaner to handle than any other explosive. I was taken with gunpowder for awhile, but this beats it out of sight. Fond of witnessing explosions, sir?"

"No. indeed, I'm not, and I won't breathe till you men are off the train. It ought to be against the law to carry dynamite around in this reckless fashion."

"What! More laws agin it! When the day comes that a poor, honest blaster must go on foot because he is obliged to carry about a few dy-

leave the country. Some of us get off at this next station, while the others go a little further down the

"Well, be careful," I said as I left the smoker and went back to the rear coach and to the last seat in

At the next station the train sidetracked to let the express, pass. Four of the miners got off and started up the mountain road in the direction of a quarry. The man I had talked with looked along the train until he saw my face at the window, when he held up a cartridge and laughed and gave it a toss in the air. When he started on again his three companions were many rods in advance. A dozen of us were watching him as he broke into a trot to overtake them. He wasn't one hundred feet from the train when he stumbled and fell -there was a puff of flame and smoke-the car windows shivered into atoms-a deafening crash, and the man in the seat ahead of me called out:

"That's dynamite, sure!" Everybody went up to look at the spot. There was a hele in the ground deep enough to take in a hogshead, a lot of twisted roots from the nearest trees, chips and splinters of stone and fragments of flesh, cloth and leather. Nothing more—the miner had vanished off the face of the earth .- Detroit Free

Pessimisms.

Gossip is the sugar of old women's All sour grapes are not out of

Vice is a sponge which sucks in honor and gives out tenrs.

The man who fears being taken at his true value is always on the alert for slights. Humility is not necessarily a

virtue. The violet would smell just as sweet on a tree. A brigadier general in petticoats and an old maid in pants are two things to be avoided.

The tears we shed for others are mellowed by inward congratulation; those shed for ourselves are brine. The old man who has forgotten that he ever was a boy is but a living tembstone to his buried youth.

A broken pitcher at a fountain may be touchingly symbolical, but it is not so suggestive as a broken whisky bottle in an alley. -Judge.

Much Lower.

Little children sometimes find it hard to understand that anyone. has had an existence before they, the little ones, were in the world. Two girls, each seven years old, were swinging on the gate before the house of one of them.

"We've lived in our house," said the little girl who was the visitor, "ever since before I was born." "That's nothing," answered the little girl who was at home; "I've lived in this house fifteen years!"-

Youth's Companion. To grow old gracefully, one must ly: be interested in all that is going on in the world; be cheerful, happy, and contented, and above all, keep the blood pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Be sure you

"Free Wool." [TOLEDO BLADE.]

That excellent journal, the Rural New Yorker, has been carrying on a discussion in its columns on the relation of the farmers to the tariff, which has developed some very interesting facts. One of these is the refutation of the contention of the free traders that "free raw materials" are a necessity for the American manufacturer, in order that he may "compete in the markets of the world." Take wool for an illustration. The free traders have made it free in the Wilson Bill, on the plea that it benefits the manufacturers of cloths. The duty placed on the finer grades of wool by the Mc-Kinley Bill is 11 cents a pound. An ordinary business suit weighs about six pounds, including linings, trimmings, buttons, etc. But counting these as all wool, and admitting for the sake of argument that the duty is paid by the man who buys the suit (which is by no means true,) and yet the tariff raises the price of the suit only 66 cents! The Rural discusses "Allowing the price of labor and

the price of linings, trimmings and the materials that go to make up the finished suit or garments to remain unchanged, how much is free wool going to cheapen woolen clothing? A laboring man once answered this question by saying one-half; another from two to three dollars. A man who

namito cartridges I shall want to 33 cents; on trousers, r6 1/2 cents; on under shirts, or drawers, from four to six cents; pair of socks one cent; woman's dress, twenty-six cents, child's flannel dress, 51/2 cents woman's or child's stockings, one to two cents a pair; broadcloth suit, 55 cents; one yard carpeting, nine cents. These figures are based upon the supposition that all the cloths are made of wool only, but if the cloths have a mixture of cotton or shoddy, then these figures would all be less according as there is more shoddy and

> "Would this very slight difference in the cost of free wool clothing induce the people to buy so much more as to cause 'great factories to spring up like magic, employing increased workmen enough to consume the extra amount of products which farmers, driven by free wool out of sheepraising, would have to grow to replace the losses caused by the annihilation of sheep and wool industries? Would the small saving on woolen clothing be any compensation for the millions of loss that would accrue to the country by the destruction of 45,000,000 sheep and their product, which now give employment to hundreds of thousands? Texas alone has more than 100,000 engaged in sheep industries. Would free wool enable our manufacturers to export large quantities of cloth to sell in markets where they would come in competition with those nations who have not only free wool, but low wages?"

> Hon. George W. Owens, formerly a Representative in Congress from a Pennsylvania District, sent a communication on this subject to the Ways and Means Committee some weeks ago, which discusses the same topic, and shows up the fallacy of the free trade position. Mr. Owens is a farmer. He takes the position that a retention of the duty on imported wools is necessary, because the American farmer cannot possibly pay American wages to his farm help and compete successfully with the wool kings of Australia, Argentina and South Africa, where wages are nominal, and where a warmer climate, giving pasture throughout the year, renders wool production so cheap. Mr. Owens says:

"Every one knows that a good, neat, ali-wool suit of clothes can be bought for about \$12, and a warm heavy, coarse, all-wool suit of clothes

for \$7 and less. "I just this moment weighed a fine diagonal wool suit, also a coarse wool suit (coat, pants and vest,) and they weighed five and six pounds respectively, Now, the protection the wool grower now has in each of these suits amounts to 60 or 70 cents. A merchant might lay down two suits of clothes before a customer, and say that one was worth \$16 and \$16.75. and we might defy any member of Congress or any one to tell which live temperately, calmly, methodical- suit had the greater value, the difference is so little. It might be the make or the lining, or it might not be there at all. Clothing is reasonably cheap, and no one is complaining of the price.

"I have now before me bills of sale of wool made from 1886 to 1892 for unwashed clothing and combing wool same quality of wool to-day will not net more than 15 to 16 cents per pound. In fact, my merchant informs me that it is dull even at those

"Yet we are advised to keep our sheep. Why should we do so? Sheep, which in former years brought from \$3 to \$4 per head on the farm, are now dull at \$2, and they are not sold to farmers. They are sent to market and slaughtered. And when this destruction is complete the consumer will pay dearly for foreign-made clothing. But the advocates of free wool say that our manufacturers must have free raw material. What is raw material? That which is raw material to one is the finished product to another. It would perhaps be safe to define it as any commodity that comes to us from nature's God without any labor in it.

"But is wool of this character? Did you ever take care of a flock of sheep, protect them from dogs and other enemies, herd and feed them, assist a new-born lamb on a cold winter morning to take its first nourishment from an indifferent, stubborn mother? If any member of Congress has done this work, he will conclude that wool

is not so very "raw material." The facts stated in these two extracts destroy the fallacious theory of wore a broad-cloth seventy-five dol- the free traders that free wool is neclar suit thought free wool would re- essary to low priced clothing. The duce the cost of his fine suit fifteen to cost of wool as a raw material is altwenty dollars. I have found that most entirely labor; and hence the many have as vague, indefinite and wool duties are for the protection of incorrect ideas of the affect of free labor, and should be retained, The wool upon prices as these answers in- advantage of the consumer of clothdicate. Now, what are the facts? The ing is a purely theoretical one, and duty upon merina cloth for clothing, free wool simply means another blow dress goods, underwear and hosiery at American agriculture, which is is eleven cents per pound, and upon badly enough off as matters stand alcoarser wools for carpets, six to seven ready. Besides, what will be the recents per pound. Now, with these sult of leaving our farmers at the facts before us, how much would the mercy of the wool kings of South me put it down, as seeing the figures this: As soon as they have secured money." is often convincing where words fail. control of our market, and destroyed Taking the weights given above, the our wool raising industry, up will go difference on a heavy winter suit prices, and we shall be at their mercy would be 60 15 cents; on a lighter suit; for our "raw materials."

Highest of all in Leavening Power .- Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

CAPTURING A BULL MOOSE. How It Was Accomplished by Hunter

Sellick. Hunter Sellick has for several years been the possessor of two fine cow moose, and his great ambition has been to go into the moose-raising business. Year after year he has endeavored to capture a male moose, but up to this winter failed. Some time ago he left Moncton for the forest country lying between the head waters of the Tobigue and Miramichi rivers. For days his search was unavailing, until one day, about thirty miles from any settlement and in the heart of the forest, he sighted the object of his

It was a magnificent specimen, nearly six feethigh. At this season its antlers had been shed, but the new ones were already jutting forth. The dogs were set to nipping the moose in the rear, driving it toward a tree. Sellick, creeping round, suddenly threw his lasso over the animal's head, twisted the rope around a tree and had the moose a

It is comparatively easy for a successful hunter to bring home a dead moose, but it is not so easy with a live one. It took five weeks, climbing over the hills, wading the morasses or fording the rivers which marked the thirty miles' distance between the scene of the capture and the first settlement. The hunter at times had to employ a catamaran to cross the streams, the moose swimming behind. Finally he reached the Interccionial, took a box car, which was just high enough for the moose, and brought his prize to Moncton.-N. Y. Journal.

CHAPLAIN OF THE HOUSE. Something About the Young Man Re. cently Elected to This Office.

Rev. Edward B. Bagby, who was

recently elected to be chaplain of the house in place of Rev. S. W. Haddaway, who died after a brief occupation of the office, is a very young man to occupy so conspicuous a position, though Rev. W. H. Milburu, the blind chaplain of the senate, was chosen chaplain of the house when but twenty-two years of age. Rev. Mr. Bagby was born September 29, 1865, in King and Queen county, Va., so that he is but little more than twenty-eight. He was reared in Richmond, obtained his education at Aberdeen academy, the Kentucky university and the Yale divinity school. This young Virginian, enlisted in Christian work as a representative of the denomination of the Disciples of Christ, found his first charge along the line of the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad, ministering to the people of Ronceverte, Clifton Forge and Sinks Grove. From these little churches in these towns he went to Newport News to preach, until he became enat from 26 to 28 cents per pound. The gaged in evangelistic work among many churches, which he visited to conduct revivals. In April, 1891, the Vermont Avenue Christian church, Washington, built a chapel on Capitol Hill, and called upon Rev. Mr. Bagby to conduct a revival meeting to awaken interest in the undertaking. At that meeting about one hundred converts were added to the church, and the interest aroused has been so maintained under the ministrations of the young pastor that the Ninth Street Christian church numbers, with two and onehalf years of existence, more than four hundred members, including a very large body of active Christian Endeavorers. Mr. Bagby is tall, dark, slight and beardless. He does not wear clothes of ministerial cut, and he does not wear a white tie. His voice is soft and smooth, and he uses it without dramatic effort in

> Weekly. Southern Railroad Building.

prayers of the simplest character,

none of which are long. -Harper's

The financial depression has not had a very decided effect on railroad construction in the south. The total number of miles of railway built in this section since the 1st of last January, 1893, is only fifty-seven miles less than was built during all of last year. The total new mileage in the south for this year, up to December 1, was 1,112 miles. Texas leads with 216 miles, Fiorida comes a close second with 208 miles and Georgia is third with 171 miles .- Atlanta Journal.

In a recent address to the graduates of a business college, ex-President Harrison gave this piece of advice: "Settle it now as an inflexible purpose, that you will never, for a moment, use for your own purpose one cent of another man's money in your keeping without his knowledge and consent, however desperate your need, or however certain it may seem to prices be changed or cheapened? Let America, Australia and Africa? Just you that you can speedily return the

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7:15 a. m. 3: 15p. m 7:37 a. m. 3:37 p. m. 8:27 a. m. 4:05 p. m. 9:00 a. m. 5:05 p. m Lewisport... 9:33 a. m. 5:50 p. m . 10:01 a. m. 5:67 p. m. . 10:26 a. m. 6:19 p. m. 11:02 a. m. 7:05 p. m. 11:29 a. m. 7:31 p. m. Brandenburg 1:00 p. m. 9:05 p. m.

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